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HEALING THE WOUND SLIGHTLY.

(See Illustration.)

BY MAUD CHARLESWORTH BOOTH.

The room is quiet. Only the ticking of

the kitchen clock breaks the silence. Ethel hears it not, and does not notice the falling shadows in the grate, as the fire burns low. Her mind (or rather her conscience) is pointing her back to the Hall, which she has just left. It reminds her of the words of warning and rebuke, saying to her over and over again with each tick of the clock, "Your chance is lost, lost, lost! why did you not yield?" The words, the scenes, the prayers, had, by God's arrow of conviction, been carried right home to her heart, and yet, here she sits, having left the Hall without Salvation, trying to drown the voice of her conscience and her God—miserable, soul-stricken, and condemned.

Will she have another chance? Will she return next Sunday night? Will she yield and be found kneeling at the penitent-form?—if so, how will she do that? Her will her soul's wound be healed? Slightly, by saying, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace"? or rightly, after the heart of sin and pride has been broken, and has yielded full submission, by the blood's full cleansing?

Dear comrades, this leads me to ask you how you deal with souls. How do you heal the wound of the daughter of His people?

Oh! I feel that this is the most important part of our work; but we have of "feeling feebly." How bitterly does God condemn it; and justly too, for I truly believe that it is the cause of more backsliding, more approach and dishonor to the name of Christ, than anything else.

It matters not how carefully a surgeon may use his knife in opening or probing some ugly wound; if he should try to close, or heal, or stitch it up, before the proud flesh, or splintered bone, or impure matter be thoroughly ejected, the operation will prove less than useless, and only lead the poor patient to worse, and perhaps incurable suffering and often to loss of life. A doctor must have a firm as well as a kind hand, and no flinching, tries or entreaties on the part of the patient should make him ease this loss through in his work. It would be but false kindness to shrink from giving pain,

or spare the knife where it was needed for the sake of future good. Everybody readily acknowledges this when we speak of immediate and costly suffering; yet, alas! when we come to soul matters, far more important, far more vital, we find this false kindness, this mistaken pity, only too common.

and then tell him to rejoice and dry his eyes." That is, alas! what is really felt and done in the case of many a sinner, even if it be not said in so many words. Cruel deception, foolish pity, soul-blighting practices!

All through the meeting, every speaker has tried to show the sinner his danger,

assurance, trying to lead before the work of probing, cutting, and severing is done, the sinner may be disappointed, yes, and I

Why should not a sinner weep and groan? His sins caused Jesus tears and agony enough. I say, let him weep. I always rejoice to see a real struggle at the penitent-form.

When I see a sinner, unmoved man or woman, I often fear that they do not realize or sufficiently see the awfulness of their sin, and hence are not ready to abandon it, nor can rightly appreciate the preciousness of their undeserved Salvation. Until a man feels real sorrow for sin, he is ready to make an unreserved surrender, he is quite unfit to receive Salvation, and its peace, joy and assurance should not be presented to him.

When dealing with sinners, my great desire is to show them what ungrateful, selfish and selfish they have been. I do not stop putting the knife in for their tears or sobs, nor do I turn to them with some comforting assurance, until I hear them say in true agony of soul, "I know. I know it all; I don't deserve His love, but I am willing to surrender all, all, if only He will forgive me."

Even then, I would not try to heal, or put in oil; no, I think God Himself will always do this. I leave the sinner at this point, to deal with his Lord, to face and heart to heart, and have always found that there was no need for us to tell a man when he was pardoned, cleared, and accepted. That is always known, for it follows close upon full surrender. It strikes me that our work should be to show the sinner his full need, and the blackness of his sin, and the undeserved love of his savior, and that the abundance of sin is the only condition of pardon. If a sinner should lead him right up to dealing with God Himself, and leave the healing of the wound to Him who knows when and how it should be done. Oh, let us remember that getting souls to the penitent-form is of little avail, unless when there, we get them right up to God, and have the joy of seeing them saved.

What is the use of a life-boat, however perfect or however well-manned, if it falls in the saving of drowning mariners? Just so, let us see that our life-boat lands each sinner safe upon the rock and does not let him sink within a yard or two of it.—American "War Cry."



UNDER DEEP CONVICTION.

"Do not give pain; do not let the poor sinner struggle on. Don't you see how he is weeping? Put your arms around him, tell him all is forgiven; Jesus accepts him; the blood covers his sin; make him say he believes."

and the arrow of God's truth has pierced his darkened heart, and shown him clearly the sin of his past rebellion to God. If just at this point, when struggling with pride, love of ease, etc., some one should whisper and spoil God's work by comforting



Headquarters Happenings

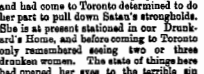
As was hinted in this column a few weeks ago Major Margatte is slaving his division over the "Old Painted House," named by him in the 11th, off the line. It is a remnant of Holy Ann's, Mother Florence, Quaker Jim, and quite a number of aged notables. Last week they were at Richmond Street. Wednesday, the 11th, they were at the West-Arthur Street Monday, Ligar Wednesday, and the Temple on Thursday.

I see by the last Indian "Cry" in hand that the Pioneer Foreign Party, in which there were two ex-Indians, Gen. Singh and Peshwa (Mitchell and wife, formerly of the Sikhs), were dedicated to the work under the silk flag with the maple leaves. They were at the Temple on the Goodman. God bless the party!

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We were very glad to welcome to our Staff knee-drill the other morning the latest arrival on the R. H. Staff, Cadet McKenzie, all the way from New Glasgow, N. S. She told us she was properly armed.



which is all around us.

Another change of offices takes place this week in Ontario which will affect ten, eighty-eight, corps, and 148 officers.

I forgot in my last happening to record the appearance of another shorthand on the staff of the Ontario Department of the Interior. This time it was a shorthand writer in our Correspondence Department. That typewriter which was used for the first time, was not used for the first time.

There was a great noise of voices the other side of the partition which separates the writer's office from the Correspondent's, and upon angling the cause it turned out to be a shorthand writer who was making the most learned debate upon the phonographic form of a certain word, but as it was too late to stop the discussion, I was forced to leave the room, and I am sure that it must have ended since I was learned shorthand.

The appeal for 1,000 candidates within a given time in this old country was very successful, there being 1,070 applicants in all. Please note that our candidates must read to death the word of God, and that you, soldiers who should be in the field, rush in that application.

